

## The Stars and Stripes

The official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces; authorized by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F.

Written, edited and published every week by and for the soldiers of the A.E.F. all profits to be used for the benefit of the company funds.

Entered as second class matter at United States Army Post Office, Paris, France.

Guy T. Viskisicki, Capt., Inf., Officer in Charge.

Advertising Director for the United States and Canada: A. W. Erickson, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

General Advertising Agents for Great Britain: The Dorland Agency Ltd., 16 Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

Fifty centimes a copy. Subscription price to soldiers, 8 francs for six months; to civilians, 10 francs for six months. Local French papers may not be accepted in payment. In England, to soldiers, 6s. 6d. for six months; to civilians, 8s. Civilian subscriptions from the United States \$2 for six months. Advertising rates on application.

THE STARS AND STRIPES, G2, A.E.F., 1 Rue des Italiens, Paris, France. Telephone, Gutenberg 12.95. London Office, Goring Hotel, London, S.W.1.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1918.

### THE POST OF HONOR

Since the morning of September 26 the American Army has been engaged in an offensive between the Meuse and the Argonne on a front of 32 kilometers. During the same period the French, British and Belgian armies holding the Western battle line from the Argonne northwest to the sea have waged offensives of their own which have liberated generous slices of France after four years of German tyranny and been heralded throughout the Allied world with joyful acclaim.

Until this week, the American offensive, on the other hand, had received, in Europe at least, but scant notice compared with that given the offensives of our gallant Allies. Quite naturally, there has grown up here and there throughout the American Army some curiosity over this differentiation as to publicity of military accomplishments. The answer is not that the press of our Allies does not appreciate the meaning of the American offensive and its influence along the whole Western battle front, but that it is human nature—in the publishing world as in any other line of human activity—to give heed to the spectacular. It cannot be gainsaid that the advances of the Allied armies to the northwest of the Argonne have been far more spectacular than the dogged foot-after-foot battle which the American Army waged between the Meuse and the Argonne from September 26 until this week's swift advance began.

But if the part assigned to the American Army in the present offensive operations has not been spectacular, it is, nevertheless, one of extremely great importance. Indeed, it will not sound boastful to those who know to say that in the present grand offensive of the Western Front the American Army, since September 26, has been at the post of honor. Let us see what are the facts that warrant this assertion.

First, the German enforced withdrawal from France and a very large part of Belgium is pivoted upon the region where our First Army is operating. A penetration of the German positions to a considerable distance in this region (which is now threatened, November 6) would seriously endanger the withdrawal of the enemy's forces between the Argonne and the sea.

Second, the German "voie de rocade" (a line of railway communication for the rapid shift of troops from one portion of the line to another) passes through Mézières. An advance of a few kilometers by our First Army from its present positions would actually interrupt communications along this line. With such an interruption effected, the German would be placed at an enormous disadvantage on account of the fact that a shift of troops from the north to Alsace would then have to be made by routing these troops through Belgium. In other words, the enemy would have to work on an outside line of communications instead of being able to shift his troops along a line approximately parallel to the front. To all intents and purposes, the German army defending the Western Front would be divided in two.

Third, the lines on which the Boche is fighting at the present time between the Meuse and the Argonne are really the outer defenses of the Briey basin. This basin is one of the great prizes of the whole world; it contains four-fifths of the iron supply of Europe. When it is considered that the remaining one-fifth of the European iron supply is located in Norway, Sweden and Russia, and other points more or less inaccessible to the Boche, it is clear how vital to him is the continued possession of this area. With the Briey basin wrested from him, he would be at an enormous disadvantage in the manufacture of munitions of war.

The American offensive, then, strikes at the vitals of the enemy on the Western Front—and the Argonne is the war's decisive front. That the German High Command is keenly alive to the seriousness of the situation is indicated by the fact that since September 26 more than one-sixth of the entire German force on the Western Front has been thrown against our First Army, and this on a front which is slightly more than one-twentieth of the whole line from Switzerland to the sea.

Many of the numerous divisions that the Boche has hurriedly brought against us are the very best he possesses, and included in the number are several Guard divisions, rightly ranked as the cream of all he has. The great majority of these divisions the German High Command has been compelled to withdraw from that portion of the line stretching northwest from the Argonne to the sea. In other words, the A. E. F.'s First Army, fighting between the Meuse and the Argonne, has compelled the Boche to mass there the flower of his fighting forces in great disproportion to the strength of his dispositions elsewhere on the Western Front, and this is one very important factor in the success of the French, British and Belgian armies fighting to the northwest of the First Army clear to the northernmost tip of the Western battle line. We have American divisions operating with these Allied armies. These American divisions have participated in the brilliant and spectacular successes of these armies. We can justly feel that their task has been

rendered more easy of accomplishment on account of the pressure that, since September 26, our First Army has brought to bear upon the enemy between the Meuse and the Argonne.

Fighting over a most difficult terrain, opposed by so great a proportion of the German army, the very flower of it, every foot of France that our doughboys reclaimed between the Meuse and the Argonne up to November 1 became ours only after fighting, the intensity of which has not been surpassed during the entire four years of the war. Since the 1st we have advanced rapidly. There will be other advances. Our confidence is that we shall in good time pierce the vitals of the German line. But even if our First Army had made no considerable advance on its present front, it would, nevertheless, by engaging the pick of the German army in such great number, be serving a most useful part in the execution of the whole scheme of the Allied campaign against the most formidable of our enemies.

Not only in intensity, but in sustained effort and number of men engaged, the battle we are waging between the Meuse and the Argonne is the greatest in the 142 years and more of American history. It is one of the most important in direct and contributory results already obtained, and in the promise it holds.

The reduction of the St. Mihiel salient, the first offensive of our First Army, began on September 12. Exactly two weeks later, the First Army's offensive between the Meuse and the Argonne, involving hundreds of thousands of men, was launched. This necessitated the shift in the meantime of an enormous number of troops from the St. Mihiel salient to the region of the new attack, and was an accomplishment of which any army might well be proud. We have equally good reason to be proud of the fact that the Allied High Command selected American troops for the post of honor, between the Meuse and the Argonne, in the present grand offensive of the Western Front, and of the great influence our attack there has already played in recent events on that front.

### IN THE BLOOD

"I made the mistake of my career," said Napoleon at a time when his chief occupation was the pondering over his mistakes, "in not removing the Hohenzollerns from the throne of Prussia when I had the opportunity. As long as this house reigns, and until the red cap of liberty is erected in Germany, there will be no peace in Europe."

That mistake is not going to occur again. That opportunity is at hand. The Hohenzollerns may survive as a family, just as the Schmidts and all the rest, but as a dynasty the Hohenzollerns must go. Meanwhile, a make-believe red cap of liberty has been erected in Germany, held aloft on the tip of a liberty pole for all the world to see. But a Hohenzollern is holding the pole. Germany has sent broadcast the news that she is democratizing herself, that she really is in the way to becoming a government of the people by the people and for the people. But a world of doubting Thomases waits to be shown.

When will the German people, the Schmidts and all the rest, snatch the pole from the Hohenzollerns' hands and crown it with the real red cap of liberty?

### WEIGHT 3 LBS.

An army does more than live on its stomach. It almost seems to think with it. Anyway, it thinks a lot about it. And it devotes considerable thought to that universal adjunct of the alimentary system known as the sweet tooth.

As proof we submit the results of the ideal Christmas package campaign, given on another page.

Next to sweets, or, rather, bound right up together with them, for sweets and sentiment always go together, come pictures of the home folks.

Fudge and photographs, pinucchi and pictures, sugar and snapshots—they are hard combinations to beat.

### WELL MEANING, BUT—

The cable informs us that John D. Rockefeller, Jr., "has exploded far sweeping plans" for a national boxing carnival in aid of the campaign for the war work fund which the Y. M. C. A., the K. of C., the Salvation Army, the Y. W. C. A., and the Jewish Welfare Board are jointly conducting back home this month.

The cable states that Mr. Rockefeller, speaking for the committee in charge of the campaign, said the decision had been reached "as a result of numerous protests against boxing on account of its brutality by ministers of religion throughout the country."

Further: "The committee has adopted resolutions setting forth that funds derived from social games, golf tournaments or any sporting events held on Sunday will be refused." And—

"Mr. Rockefeller, in a speech made yesterday, dwelt on the great spiritual significance of the unified war work campaign about to begin."

First, dear Dr. Doncy, president of Willamette University, who tells an Oregon audience that he would stop the shipment of cigarettes to the Army in France. And now Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., who, in behalf of his fellow committeemen and "ministers of religion throughout the country," grows pale at the thought of boxing, social games and golf tournaments held on Sunday, and talks exalted of spirituality.

We herewith bet our October pay (which we optimistically expect to get about next Valentine's Day) that we know what from now on will be the doughboy's favored appellation for dear, nice, prim and precise Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and the type of well-meaning but misguided fellow citizens he personifies.

### RECOMPENSE

Even war has its recompenses—the following, for instance, from a young woman in the United States to a young man in France:

"My, but this town is full of lonesome girls! They won't even buy new clothes because there is no one to look at them but old men."

It's tough while it lasts, but we'll certainly be appreciated when we get back.

## The Army's Poets

### PERFECT CONTRITION

"Send for a priest," the small disc read  
That clasped his neck around;  
But he, brave soul, was long since dead  
When found upon the ground.

A crucifix was in his hand,  
Stained by his bloody kiss,  
This newest of the martyr's band  
To taste of Heaven's bliss.  
Chaplain THOMAS F. COAKLEY.

### THERE'S ABOUT TWO MILLION FELLOWS

There's about two million fellows from the North, South, East and West  
Who scurried up the gang plank of a ship;  
They have felt the guy ropes paying and the  
troops gently awaying  
As it started on its journey from the country of the best.

They have washed in hard salt water, bucked the  
Army transport grub,  
Had a litch of crowd's best duty on the way;  
Strained their eyes mistaking white caps for a  
humpback Prussian sub  
Just at twilight when "the danger's great, they  
say."

When their ship had lost the convoy they were  
worried just a bit,  
And kinda thought the skipper should be canned;  
And the sigh of heartfelt feeling almost set the  
boat to reeling.  
When each of those two million sighted land.

There's about two million fellows that have  
landed here in France—  
They're scattered God and G.I.Q. knows where;  
By the cranes where steamers anchor, schooner,  
transport or great tankers,  
There's an O.D. outfit waiting just to make the  
cargo dance.

They are chopping in the forest, double-timing  
on the roads,  
Putting two ways where a single went before;  
In the cabs of sweating engines, pushing, pull-  
ing double loads.

When the R.T.O.'s in frenzied tones implore,  
For it's duty, solid duty with the hustling men  
behind,  
From the P. of E.'s on up to No Man's Land;  
And there's never chance of shirking when the  
boys up front are working—  
Night and day must go the answer to the front  
line's stern demand.

There's about two million fellows and there's  
some of them who lie  
Where eighty-eights and G.I.'s gently drop;  
Where the trucks and trains are jamming and  
the colonel he is damning  
Half the earth and in particular the Service of  
Supply.

They have had a stretch of trenches, beat the  
Prussian at his best,  
Seen their buddies fall like heroes right beside;  
But—there's nigh two million fellows from the  
country of the best  
Who know the cause for which their comrades  
died.

Who have crossed the sluggish shallows where  
their little life-streams ran  
And broadened just a trifle, you will find;  
And their vision's clearer, clearer and they hold  
just that much dearer  
The great and glorious land they left behind!

There's about two million fellows and there's  
some of them who lie  
Where eighty-eights and G.I.'s gently drop;  
Where the trucks and trains are jamming and  
the colonel he is damning  
Half the earth and in particular the Service of  
Supply.

They have had a stretch of trenches, beat the  
Prussian at his best,  
Seen their buddies fall like heroes right beside;  
But—there's nigh two million fellows from the  
country of the best  
Who know the cause for which their comrades  
died.

Who have crossed the sluggish shallows where  
their little life-streams ran  
And broadened just a trifle, you will find;  
And their vision's clearer, clearer and they hold  
just that much dearer  
The great and glorious land they left behind!

There's about two million fellows and there's  
some of them who lie  
Where eighty-eights and G.I.'s gently drop;  
Where the trucks and trains are jamming and  
the colonel he is damning  
Half the earth and in particular the Service of  
Supply.

They have had a stretch of trenches, beat the  
Prussian at his best,  
Seen their buddies fall like heroes right beside;  
But—there's nigh two million fellows from the  
country of the best  
Who know the cause for which their comrades  
died.

Who have crossed the sluggish shallows where  
their little life-streams ran  
And broadened just a trifle, you will find;  
And their vision's clearer, clearer and they hold  
just that much dearer  
The great and glorious land they left behind!

There's about two million fellows and there's  
some of them who lie  
Where eighty-eights and G.I.'s gently drop;  
Where the trucks and trains are jamming and  
the colonel he is damning  
Half the earth and in particular the Service of  
Supply.

They have had a stretch of trenches, beat the  
Prussian at his best,  
Seen their buddies fall like heroes right beside;  
But—there's nigh two million fellows from the  
country of the best  
Who know the cause for which their comrades  
died.

Who have crossed the sluggish shallows where  
their little life-streams ran  
And broadened just a trifle, you will find;  
And their vision's clearer, clearer and they hold  
just that much dearer  
The great and glorious land they left behind!

There's about two million fellows and there's  
some of them who lie  
Where eighty-eights and G.I.'s gently drop;  
Where the trucks and trains are jamming and  
the colonel he is damning  
Half the earth and in particular the Service of  
Supply.

They have had a stretch of trenches, beat the  
Prussian at his best,  
Seen their buddies fall like heroes right beside;  
But—there's nigh two million fellows from the  
country of the best  
Who know the cause for which their comrades  
died.

Who have crossed the sluggish shallows where  
their little life-streams ran  
And broadened just a trifle, you will find;  
And their vision's clearer, clearer and they hold  
just that much dearer  
The great and glorious land they left behind!

There's about two million fellows and there's  
some of them who lie  
Where eighty-eights and G.I.'s gently drop;  
Where the trucks and trains are jamming and  
the colonel he is damning  
Half the earth and in particular the Service of  
Supply.

They have had a stretch of trenches, beat the  
Prussian at his best,  
Seen their buddies fall like heroes right beside;  
But—there's nigh two million fellows from the  
country of the best  
Who know the cause for which their comrades  
died.

Who have crossed the sluggish shallows where  
their little life-streams ran  
And broadened just a trifle, you will find;  
And their vision's clearer, clearer and they hold  
just that much dearer  
The great and glorious land they left behind!

There's about two million fellows and there's  
some of them who lie  
Where eighty-eights and G.I.'s gently drop;  
Where the trucks and trains are jamming and  
the colonel he is damning  
Half the earth and in particular the Service of  
Supply.

They have had a stretch of trenches, beat the  
Prussian at his best,  
Seen their buddies fall like heroes right beside;  
But—there's nigh two million fellows from the  
country of the best  
Who know the cause for which their comrades  
died.

Who have crossed the sluggish shallows where  
their little life-streams ran  
And broadened just a trifle, you will find;  
And their vision's clearer, clearer and they hold  
just that much dearer  
The great and glorious land they left behind!

There's about two million fellows and there's  
some of them who lie  
Where eighty-eights and G.I.'s gently drop;  
Where the trucks and trains are jamming and  
the colonel he is damning  
Half the earth and in particular the Service of  
Supply.

They have had a stretch of trenches, beat the  
Prussian at his best,  
Seen their buddies fall like heroes right beside;  
But—there's nigh two million fellows from the  
country of the best  
Who know the cause for which their comrades  
died.

Who have crossed the sluggish shallows where  
their little life-streams ran  
And broadened just a trifle, you will find;  
And their vision's clearer, clearer and they hold  
just that much dearer  
The great and glorious land they left behind!

There's about two million fellows and there's  
some of them who lie  
Where eighty-eights and G.I.'s gently drop;  
Where the trucks and trains are jamming and  
the colonel he is damning  
Half the earth and in particular the Service of  
Supply.

They have had a stretch of trenches, beat the  
Prussian at his best,  
Seen their buddies fall like heroes right beside;  
But—there's nigh two million fellows from the  
country of the best  
Who know the cause for which their comrades  
died.

Who have crossed the sluggish shallows where  
their little life-streams ran  
And broadened just a trifle, you will find;  
And their vision's clearer, clearer and they hold  
just that much dearer  
The great and glorious land they left behind!

There's about two million fellows and there's  
some of them who lie  
Where eighty-eights and G.I.'s gently drop;  
Where the trucks and trains are jamming and  
the colonel he is damning  
Half the earth and in particular the Service of  
Supply.

They have had a stretch of trenches, beat the  
Prussian at his best,  
Seen their buddies fall like heroes right beside;  
But—there's nigh two million fellows from the  
country of the best  
Who know the cause for which their comrades  
died.

Who have crossed the sluggish shallows where  
their little life-streams ran  
And broadened just a trifle, you will find;  
And their vision's clearer, clearer and they hold  
just that much dearer  
The great and glorious land they left behind!

There's about two million fellows and there's  
some of them who lie  
Where eighty-eights and G.I.'s gently drop;  
Where the trucks and trains are jamming and  
the colonel he is damning  
Half the earth and in particular the Service of  
Supply.

They have had a stretch of trenches, beat the  
Prussian at his best,  
Seen their buddies fall like heroes right beside;  
But—there's nigh two million fellows from the  
country of the best  
Who know the cause for which their comrades  
died.

Who have crossed the sluggish shallows where  
their little life-streams ran  
And broadened just a trifle, you will find;  
And their vision's clearer, clearer and they hold  
just that much dearer  
The great and glorious land they left behind!

There's about two million fellows and there's  
some of them who lie  
Where eighty-eights and G.I.'s gently drop;  
Where the trucks and trains are jamming and  
the colonel he is damning  
Half the earth and in particular the Service of  
Supply.

They have had a stretch of trenches, beat the  
Prussian at his best,  
Seen their buddies fall like heroes right beside;  
But—there's nigh two million fellows from the  
country of the best  
Who know the cause for which their comrades  
died.

## THE BUGS



### COME ON, ENSIGN

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:  
I notice a challenge from Ensign Fred Anderson of the Salvation Army. I accept the challenge if the proper arrangements can be made. I agree with him that for a one griddle fry it was some fast work.

Although not a member of the Salvation Army I am the next thing to it—am, or rather was, a mess sergeant in a non-combatant unit. While in this line of duty I was placed in charge of one of the largest camps in France; I dare not tell the name of the place, for it would cause every soldier in the A.E.F. to go AWOL. To see this wonderful kitchen; I won't tell you the number of men we fed there, for I don't want to give the impression that I am trying to kid someone.

Now for the kitchen: The kitchen range was 928 feet wide and 1,358 feet long. It took 18 firemen to keep it hot; we had 519 cooks and 700 K.P.'s. We mashed potatoes with a pile driver and ground coffee with a 350 h.p. Liberty motor. They hauled out dirty pans on railroad cars and the K.P.'s went on roller skates. As I was mess sergeant I rode up and down the kitchen on a motorcycle shouting orders through a megaphone.

Now for the flap jacks: We mixed batter with 12 concrete mixers; had a steam shovel moving egg shells away from the door and six K.P.'s with bacon rinds strapped on their feet skating over the griddle to keep it greased. When I tell you that on three occasions I was forced to fry all of the cakes myself you will agree with me in thinking I would have some show in a contest with Mr. Anderson.

I am willing to take on anyone in the Allied Forces under any condition; they wish to name: blindfolded, handcuffed, one eye closed, one foot on the floor, turn 'em with a shovel, toothpick—well, any old way they care to do it. Pardon this letter, as I am not a writer—I am a pancake fryer and what it takes to make 'em 'I've got.

CLAUDE D. BROOKS, Air Service.  
[Ensign Fred Anderson of the Salvation Army made 8,000 hotcakes in 17 hours.—Editor.]

### THEY MIGHT

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:  
This little tale came to my ears while we were gathered about a log fire, so that its authenticity is open to question. Anyway, it runs its brief course this way.

Two chaplains who had been doing a long turn up front and were both pretty well used up were talking things over.

"Doctor, I'm just about all in. Guess I'll have to go S.O.L. for a couple of days."  
"I'm all for it, myself, pastor," answered the second, stily pilot, "but we've got to be careful about this Army slang we pick up or we'll be using it in church some day."

### BUCK OR SIMPLE?

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:  
Your attention is called to the heading on attached clipping from the New York Herald of recent date: "Joins Artillery as Simple Private."

I have only been in this man's army about 15 months and nobody has yet ever succeeded in explaining to me the difference between a "private" and a "buck private." Now comes a new variety—the simple private. We have a private in our outfit who is 62 years old. Is he simple or a buck?

J. M. SLOAN, Sgt. Major, Engrs. (Forestry.)

### HELPFUL HINTS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:  
First: Remember those long, knitted scarfs that mother sent you, to be worn about the neck? Well, just rechristen them and instead of calling them mufflers call 'em belly bands, and during these cold, wet days and nights wear them as such.

You may have noticed the poils winding themselves up in this way. They do it for a purpose, and after you have tried it for a time you will find that you are always comfortable and that kidney trouble and various other diseases are thereby prevented.

Second: Got cold feet? If you have, tonight before retiring, fill your canteen with aqua pura, not vin blanc, heat it, the hotter

the better, then cork it tightly, draw your socks over the canteen for a cover, place it under the blankets, at the foot of your bed, crawl in and see how comfortable it will make you. It is equal to any hot water bottle you could buy back home for \$2.69.

Concerning cooties: If you have been issued a tube of Sag paste, just try rubbing a bit on the parts most affected.

Corp. CLINTON A. JENOME, — F.A.

### A REVEREND WAG

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

A few remarks going around made by our Chaplain may interest your readers. We were to be issued new underwear, and one boy asked the Chaplain if it would be winter underwear and warm. The Chaplain replied he thought it would, as it was to be fleeced lined.

One boy, a painter, had been appointed battalion artist. We had had trouble getting rations, so the Chaplain sent for this artist to come over and draw them.

L. WOLFE, — F.S.B.

### ONE MORE CURE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Having read several articles in your valuable paper on cures for cooties, I take the liberty of offering a plan which our outfit has tried out and found to be O.K. both financially and physically. It is just this: Get a small phonograph, one to a squad, with a special record called "The Cootie Jazz." The squad goes out in the woods, undresses and spreads its collective clothes on the ground. One man acts as ticket seller, one as ticket taker, and a third as a speller.

After undressing, the machine about five yards from your clothes and start it up for about a second. The machine is stopped and the speller yells: "This way for the 'Cootie Jazz,' one franc admission!"

The cooties, having heard the first strains of the jazz, pick up their ears, listen to the speller, get up on their heels and go to pay their francs. After the collector has received their francs, the machine is started up again and the cooties start in to jazz.

The men now do a squad ent back to their clothes and begin dressing from the hocks down. This done, the squad is called to the tent and immediately does a retreat to the company fund with the jingles and cootieless clothes, while the cooties continue to jazz and the record continues to play.

Pvt. H. EZARSHV, Hq. Co., — F.A.

### BROTHERS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

There are today nearly 200,000 colored men from the United States on French soil in the American Army. They came cheerfully, yes, eagerly, to help make good President Wilson's declaration: "We entered this war to make the world safe for democracy."

Among these nearly 200,000 colored soldiers are many 100 per cent families—families out of which every male, as in mine—my three sons are here at the front—is in the service. When German militarism has been crushed beyond possible restoration, the colored American soldiers, such as survive, will as eagerly return to our country as they came hence, and with the consciousness of having served well their country and civilization.

Such as may fall on the field of battle, and whose bones will fertilize the soil of France, will beam a smile of satisfaction, before entering into "that bourne from which no traveler returns," that they had the glorious privilege of dying in and for a righteous cause—of having served their own, and native land, even unto death. Colored men from the cane brakes of Louisiana, the rice swamps of the Carolinas, and the cotton fields of Mississippi have as eagerly come to France to serve their country as they from my state, Ohio, where opportunities and privileges for them have but a minimum of restriction.

The United States is our country, its flag is our flag, the only country and flag we know, and for which we, as a race, stand ready and willing to mingle our last drop of blood with the blood of our white brothers as cheerfully and so bravely sacrificing for the honor and glory of the United States of America.

RALPH W. TYLER.

### THE OLD TIMERS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:  
Knowing that you are always ready to receive complaints, I am going to register my first one.

It seems to me that there should be some mark of distinction for enlistment periods, either in the form of a parallel stripe or ribbon of some kind.

Since the dress uniform was abolished—and with it went the enlistment period stripe—there has been no mark of distinction for the "Old Timer" with one, two, three or more enlistments to his credit.

This is not fair in the way of decorations, because a man who served many years prior to this war should be entitled to enlistment period stripes the same as the man who has served one year in the Army and sports two service stripes.

CHARLES K.